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VOL. VI. HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1893. NO. 22.

MY GROCER PUT ME ONTO THIS CLAIRETTE SOAP,

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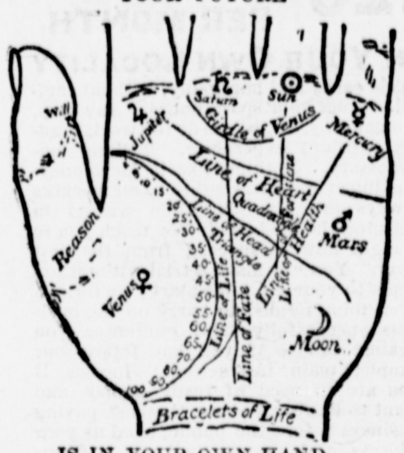
YOUR FUTURE



IS IN YOUR OWN HAND.

Palmistry assumes to tell what the lines in your hand indicate. It will amuse you, if nothing more. The above diagram almost explains itself. The length of the LINE OF LIFE indicates probable age to which you will live. Each BRACELET gives you thirty years. Well-marked LINE OF HEAD denotes brain power; clear LINE OF FORTUNE, fame or riches. Both combined mean success in life; but you must keep up with modern ideas to win it. You will find plenty of these in Demorest's Family Magazine, so attractively presented that every member of the family is entertained. It is a dozen magazines in one. A CLEAR LINE OF HEART bespeaks tenderness; a straight LINE OF FATE, peaceful life; the reverse if crooked. A well-defined LINE OF HEALTH spares you doctors' bills; so will the health hints in Demorest's. No other magazine publishes so many stories to interest the home circle. You will be subject to extremes of high spirits or despondency if you have the GIRDLE OF VENUS well marked; keep up your spirits by having Demorest's Magazine to read. By subscribing to it for 1894 you will receive a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides the superb premium picture, 17x22 inches, "I'm a Daisy!" which is almost a real baby, and equal to the original oil painting which cost $300; and you will have a magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep you posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads, and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family; and while Demorest's is not a fashion magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and you get with it, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only $2.00, and you will really get over $25.00 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are unacquainted with the Magazine, send for a specimen copy. A large QUADRANGLE means honesty; a large TRIANGLE, generosity; long FIRST DIVISION OF THUMB, strong will; LONG SECOND DIVISION, reasoning faculty. The MOUNT OF JUPITER betokens ambition; that of SATURN, prudence; the SUN, love of splendor; MARS, courage; MOON, imagination; VENUS, love of pleasure; and MERCURY, intelligence. Take our advice as above and you will be sure to possess the last and most valuable quality.

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CURRENT HISTORY, DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

ST. NICK IN TROUBLE.

The Queer Experience of Santa Claus at Sunday School.

There was to be a "Sandy Claws" at the Boonville Baptist church for the Sunday school scholars, and elaborate preparations had been made for the event. There had been Christmas trees at the church since time out of mind, but there had never been a Santa Claus, and old and young alike were all agog over the expected treat. The announcement had gone forth that St. Nick was to visit the church by way of the chimney on Christmas Eve and hang presents on the tree for the children, and as a consequence expectation ran high among the small folk of Boonville.

A certain young man who was somewhat popular on account of previous performances was selected to impersonate Santa Claus. For the purpose he had provided himself with white whiskers and wig and coat and cap trimmed with fur. With these and his face reddened with carmine he made a very presentable figure of the jolly old saint.

In one corner of the Sunday school room an imitation fireplace had been constructed, with a chimney extending nearly to the ceiling, which was about

DOWN CAME SANTA CLAUS.

twenty feet high. The whole affair was made of boards, covered with canvas and painted to resemble bricks.

At last the auspicious evening came round and the church was crowded to the doors with eager Boonvillians of every age, denomination and hue. People were not going to stay away because they belonged to other churches. Santa Claus wasn't billed to appear at any other church, and all were welcome.

The mysterious-looking chimney was the center of observation, and it was hard work for the superintendent to gain any attention at all when he proceeded with the opening exercises. He spoke briefly of the expected guest of the evening, and there was a song or two, but his words were received with manifest impatience and the songs were rushed through in double-quick time.

At the appointed moment for the arrival of Santa Claus there was a faint jingling of bells, as if in the distance. The merry jingle grew louder and louder, and stopped apparently just overhead with a final jingle accompanied by a shrilly-shouted: "Whoa!" Then there was a commotion in the chimney and suddenly a fuzzy white head popped up from the opening at the top and a gleeful "Ha, ha!" issued from the make-believe Santa as he held aloft an armful of toys. In another moment he emerged from the fireplace below and went capering about the Christmas tree, hanging the contents of his pack upon its branches.

The audience was in a tumult. Every neck was stretched and twisted to enable its owner to observe every movement of the wonderful apparition before them. The men and boys "Haw-hawed" and shouted and the women and girls "Oh, myed!" and giggled delightedly.

In a few moments his pack was emptied, and with the squeaky announcement that he had a good many more chimneys to climb that night St. Nick bade them good-by and disappeared in the fireplace.

The room became suddenly quiet and every eye was raised to the chimney top in the expectation of getting a parting glimpse of the jolly old saint, but he did not show up at that point. He came to view lower down and in anything but a jolly condition. Just before reaching the top one of the boards inside the chimney on which he stepped gave way and down came poor Santa Claus, chimney and all.

It was rather an unhappy wind-up to a very clever performance, but there were no bones broken, and the bogus Santa Claus joined in the laugh at his own expense and jocosely remarked that he "never could go up a flue very gracefully anyhow."

FRANK B. WELCH.

Fixing it Up.

Young Tutter—I just dropped in to say that I am getting up a little straw-ride for Christmas, Miss Maud, and I thought perhaps you would like to go.

Miss Maude Twickenham (doubtfully)—Well, I don't know. Mother is a little particular about my going on straw-rides, Mr. Tutter. You know, she has some very strange notions. I presume you will drive—as usual?

Tutter—Yes. I expect to.

Miss Twickenham (brightly)—Well, I guess perhaps I can arrange it. I will promise mother to sit on the same seat with the driver.—Life.

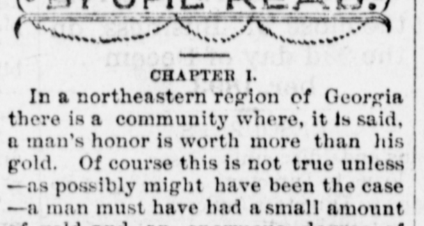
THE Master signaled the Sisters Three,
Holding the love-gate fast,
And they slipped the bar and they turned the key
And the River of Love rolled past—
Rolled on to freshen the withered wood,
Rolled on to nourish the kind and good,
Which the angels sang to see.

But it came at last where a palace stood
That sheltered the hosts of sin.
O the sands leaped up to the river's swell,
The great rocks crumbled—the sin walls fell,
And devils went wailing about in hell,
Because that the good should win.

Rang the bells of Christmas morning,
Sang the choirs the song of peace,
Sang the song of sweet release;
Crystal flakes the sky adorning
Noiseless flitted here and there,
Starring all the quiet air,
Kissing cheeks and flying curls
Of the trooping boys and girls;
Limping on supporting staff,
Age joined in the joyous laugh.
"Christmas morning," sang the river,
"Christ is born," the bells replied,
"Thanks to God, the blessing giver:
For our sins the Saviour died."

And the Sisters Three, by the gate above,
Cast flowers to drift on the River of Love.

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.



CHAPTER I.

In a northeastern region of Georgia there is a community where, it is said, a man's honor is worth more than his gold. Of course this is not true unless—as possibly might have been the case—a man must have had a small amount of gold and an enormous degree of honor. But it is a fact that in this community a man placed a very high estimate upon his own word. And it may naturally be inferred that the code flourished as a fever that followed the chilly observance of trivial though rigid rules of social conduct. The code did flourish, and it flourished so luxuriantly that every man in the community became so expert a shot that a duel meant almost certain death for both parties.

In this community there lived two young men who had grown up in rivalry, not in the nature of a love affair, but had early learned to despise each other's good points. Billings acknowledged one day that he really did not know why he hated Podsley. "But do you really hate him?" some one asked.

"Hate him! Why hydrophobia never hated pure blood as I hate that fellow." He hesitated a moment and then added: "Rather an odd comparison, gentlemen, I admit, but when I think of that man I have a mania—a feeling that I have been bitten by a mad dog. And yet, I stand here ready to commend him, acknowledging him to be a man of good manners, of good family and good graces. But I hate him and he hates me."

"It's strange that you've never come together," a man remarked.

"Yes, it is rather strange, and yet not so strange either, when you consider the fact that neither of us has ever given the other cause to take active offense. I hated him at school and I have hated him everywhere; and what is strange to me is that instead of my hate wearing out as the years of judgment come on, it seems to become deeper, as the roots of a poisonous vine that push their way further and further into the earth. I suppose we'll come together some day."

Billings had been waiting for the blacksmith to shoe his horse, and as the work was now done he mounted and rode away. He had not been gone long when Podsley rode up. He did not dismount, but turning sidewise in his saddle he began in his easy and half-drawling way to harangue the party of men sitting about the door. "I have just seen the new circuit rider," said he, "and he told me that he expected to do a great work in this neighborhood. I informed him that there was plenty of material lying around, and that as soon as I got through with my own particular harvest I would help him with his. Oh, I think that I can swing a cradle in the tangled wheat and tares of sin. But I don't think that the preacher took my offer in good part. He asked me if I were a professor, and I had to tell him that there still remained several degrees of sanctity that I had not taken. Thereupon, fellow-citizens, he rebuked me."

"And he served you right," said the blacksmith, who stood in the door, wiping his hands on his sheep-skin apron.

"I suppose you're right, Tobe," Podsley replied, "but it does rather chafe me to see a young fellow just from school, just from an ambitious examination into which his earthly pride urged him by promising him a prize—I say it chafes me to hear that young fellow talk to older men about the sin of the world and of the great work which he himself is expected to perform. And yet, if it hadn't been for a certain man in this community I suppose that I should have been a preacher. It was my mother's prayer and my own intention, but as the time drew near I found that my heart was too full of hate to preach the gospel of love."

"But couldn't you let the love for the many overcome the hate of the one?" the blacksmith asked.

"No, I threw personal inclination and a mother's yearning on the side of love of the many, but there stood the hate, defying everything."

"We all know who the object of hate is," said the blacksmith.

"Oh, I suppose you do, for there has never been any concealment of it. All his friends and all my friends know it. And yet, to tell you the truth, I don't know why I hate him. It has been a mystery to me nearly all my life. But I remember that about the first lucid thought I ever had was the idea that he had been born merely to annoy me. His annoyance, though, was always of a passive kind. I have never been able to call him to account for anything that he has said or done. And this makes me hate him still more. Well, boys, take care of yourselves."

He rode away, turned to the right and galloped down the county road. He had not gone far when he saw, a short distance ahead, a man sitting on a horse, talking to a girl who had brought a gourd of water from a house near by. Podsley knew the man and he rode past him without turning his head, but the girl must have seen that he cast a hard look, for she drew back from the fence and said something in an undertone. Podsley rode on. Billings' horse soon came cantering after him. The road abruptly dipped down and crossed a small stream. Podsley halted to let the horse drink. Billings rode into the stream and halted.

"Bright weather we're having," said Billings.

"Yes, rather. But I don't think that a little rain would do any harm."

"No, except to some weakling who might chance to get wet."

"That's a fact," Podsley rejoined; "and, by the way, there are weaklings in this neighborhood."

"Yes, I know of one."

"And I know of one."

"Then there must be two."

"I know of but one."

They rode out of the stream, rode side by side. "Billings," said Podsley, "I hate every hair on your head."

"Podsley," retorted Billings, "I loathe every bone in your body."

"Ah, hah, but bones are stronger than hair."

"Yes, but Samson's strength was in his hair."

"That so? How different from you. Your strength seems to be in your tongue."

They halted, faced about and looked at each other. "Billings," said Podsley, "it does seem to me that we have lived in hatred of each other long enough to come to some sort of sensible agreement. I know what you feel by contemplating what I feel myself. So long as we both live there is no real happiness for either of us. Why this is neither of us can tell, but it is a fact. And now can't we come to some sort of settlement?"

Billings was slowly stroking his horse's mane. "I should think so," he answered. "I am more than willing to risk my life to kill you, but I don't desire that you should kill me. We might fight a duel with [illegible] or pistols—real gentlemen don't fight with knives—but that would mean sure death for us both. And I insist that there is no need of but one of us dying."

"That's true," Podsley agreed. "And, to show you the interest I take in the matter, I would much rather that you would be the one to die."

"That is natural, and is therefore commendable," said Billings. "At any rate this thing can't go on much longer, and we must, in consequence, fix up some sort of scheme. Now let me make a suggestion! We will draw lots to see which one shall shoot the other. No, that would have too much the appearance of murder. Let me see. We'll draw lots to determine which one shall take poison. And the man who draws the poison lot shall write a statement to the effect that he has committed suicide. The poison shall be handed him by the winner. What do you say?"

"It's unique, and is therefore agreeable to me. Meet me here to-morrow at twelve o'clock. Let each man bring a written confession and a dose of poison."

"I'll be here," said Billings.

CHAPTER II.

At twelve o'clock the next day they met in the road. They came afoot. "Before we enter into this little competition," said Podsley, "we stake our honor as gentlemen to carry out every detail of this contract, and to do so without carping or grumbling. If I win, you take the poison as soon as I give it to you; if you win I shall do the same."

"I agree. My honor, which is worth more than my life, is at stake."

"Here, flip this coin."

Podsley won. They are now standing in the woods. Billings took out his confession. "I will be found holding this in my hand," said he. "I have left a copy of it at home so that there will be no question about its genuineness."

He broke a vial against a tree and said: "Give me that." Podsley was holding a vial in his hand. "I say, give me that and let's have this thing over. Why don't you give it to me?"

"I will in my own good time. Mind you, your life belongs to me. When I call for it, you must, without a word in objection, yield it up. I will see you again. Good day."

Months passed and still Podsley made no demand. Once at a picnic Billings stood laughing with a party of friends. Podsley approached and taking out a vial slyly showed it to Billings. Billings with equal slyness took out a folded paper and showed it to Podsley.

Months passed. It was noticed that Podsley was gayer than he had ever been; and a friend who happened to look into his room one night saw him holding a small bottle in his clasped hands, bending over it and laughing. One day Podsley met Billings in the road. They halted and Podsley took out the vial. Billings took out the confession.

"You are mine."

"Yes; do you want me now?"

"I can't surrender my great victory so suddenly. I must play with you awhile longer. I didn't know that I was so full of fun." He laughed.

"And I didn't know that you were so full of the devil."

Podsley laughed again. "I am going away," he said, "and when I come back I want you. Good-by for a time."

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" his wife asked. She had seen him stagger when he stepped out. A man on horseback was at the gate. Podsley had returned.

"I thought you were dead," said Billings, "or this would not have happened." He waved his hand toward the house. His wife was standing in the door. She could not hear him.

"But you see that I'm not dead," Podsley answered. "Two weeks ago I started back here to claim my own." He took out the vial.

"You have but to claim it."

Podsley smiled. "I say that I started back to claim my own."

"I understood what you said."

"And do you know what I would claim?"

"My life."

"No, your prayers. My mother is dead and her prayer has been answered. There is no hate in my heart. I will now attempt to teach men to live better lives; and I begin by making you a Christmas present. Your life is your own—and God's." He smashed the vial on a stone, bowed to the woman who stood in the door and galloped away.

A GREAT HORSE RACE.

The Stake Was $200,000, the Distance 1,950 Miles, and the Time 10 Days.

In 1859 St. Joseph, Mo., was the terminus of railroad communication. Beyond the stagecoach, the saddle horse, the ox team and prairie schooner were the means of transportation thence to the Rockies and the Pacific slope.

In the winter of 1859-60 there was a Wall street lobby at Washington trying to get $5,000,000 for carrying the mail overland for one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was extremely cheeky, and William H. Russell, backed by Secretary of War Floyd, resolved to give the lobby a cold shower bath. He therefore offered to bet $200,000 that he could put on a mail from Sacramento to St. Joseph, Mo., that would make the distance—1,950 miles—in 10 days. The bet was taken, and April 8 fixed upon as the day for starting.

Mr. Russell called upon his partner and general manager of business upon the plains, Mr. A. B. Miller, and stated what he had done and asked if he could perform the feat.

Miller replied, "Yes, sir; I will do it and by a pony express."

To accomplish this Miller purchased 300 of the fleetest horses he could find in the west and employed 125 men. Eighty of these men were to be post riders. These he selected with reference to their light weight and known courage. It was very essential that the horses be loaded as light as possible, therefore the lighter the man the better. It was necessary that some portions of the route should be made at the rate of 20 miles an hour.

The horses were stationed from 10 to 20 miles apart and each rider would be required to ride 60 miles. For the change of animals and the shifting of the mails two minutes were allowed. Where there were no stage stations at proper distances, tents sufficient to accommodate one man and two horses would be provided. Indians would sometimes give chase, but their cayuse ponies made but sorry show in their stern chase after Miller's thoroughbreds, many of which could make a single mile in 1:46.

All arrangements being completed a signal gun on the steamer Sacramento proclaimed the meridian of the 8th of April, 1860—the hour for starting—when Border Ruffian, Mr. Miller's private saddle horse, with Billy Baker in the saddle, bounded away toward the foothills in the Sierra Nevada and made his race of 20 miles in 49 minutes. The snows were deep in the mountains and one rider was lost for several hours in a snowstorm, and after the Salt Lake valley was reached additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph on time. From there all went well until the Platte was to be crossed at Julesburg. The water was up and running rapidly, but into the river flood the rider plunged his horse, only, however, to mire and drown in the quicksand.

The courier succeeded in reaching the shore with the mail bag in his hand and traveled 10 miles on foot to reach the next relay. Johnny Fry, a popular rider of his day, was to make the finish. He had 60 miles to ride and six hours to do it with. When the last courier arrived at the 60 mile post out from St. Joseph, he was one hour behind time. A heavy rain had set in, and the road was slippery. Two hundred thousand dollars turned upon a single minute. Fry had just three hours and a half in which to win. This was the finish of the longest race for the largest stake ever run in America.

When the time for his arrival was nearly up, at least 5,000 people stood upon the river bank, with eyes turned toward the woods from which the horse and rider shortly emerged into the open country in the rear of Elmwood, one mile from the finish. Tick, tick, tick, went thousands of watches. The time was nearly up, but seven minutes remained. Hark! a shout goes up from the assembled throng: "He comes! He comes!" The noble little mare, Sylph, the daughter of Little Arthur, darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in 1:50, landing on the ferryboat with 5 minutes and 10 seconds to spare.—Savannah News.

An Important Point.

"Been buying a saddle horse for my daughter," said the fat man to the man with spectacles.

"So?" said the spectacled man.

"Yes. I picked out a nice bay, well broke—tried him myself—and brought him around for her approval. She looked him over with as fine a critical air as I ever saw, but I'll bet the cigars for the two of us you can never guess what she asked me after she got through."

"No, I can't guess. What was it?"

"She wanted to know if I was sure the beast would never fade."—Indianapolis Journal.

Passing Strange.

Little Girl—You say I was born in Chicago, papa. Well, then, where was mamma born?

Father—In New York.

Little Girl—And where were you born, papa?

Father—In Los Angeles, my child.

Little Girl—Isn't it strange that we three should have got to know each other?—Chicago Post.

Thinking Spots.

Some authors have left it on record that their brain was never so fertile as in a railway train or an omnibus or a crowded public thoroughfare. A well known novelist assures us that after long experience he finds a church to be the place which inspires him most, and he has consequently acquired a reputation for church going which he prizes very highly.—London Tit-Bits.

Coughing leads to Consumption; Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

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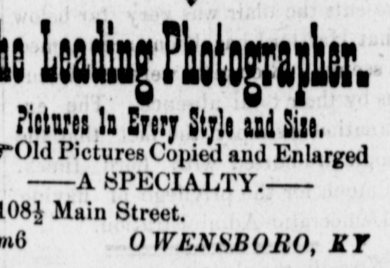

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Louisville, St. Louis & Texas Railway.

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WEST BOUND.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Lv. Louisville	7:45 a. m.	6:25 p. m.
West Point	8:31 a. m.	7:20 p. m.
Brandenburg	9:17 a. m.	8:07 p. m.
Irvington	9:4 a. m.	8:37 p. m.
Stephensport	10:23 a. m.	9:21 p. m.
Cloverport	10:44 a. m.	9:46 p. m.
Hawesville	11:11 a. m.	10:10 p. m.
Lewisport	11:35 a. m.	10:34 p. m.
Owensboro	12:16 p. m.	11:11 p. m.
Spottsville	1:04 p. m.	11:55 p. m.
Ar. Henderson	1:25 p. m.	12:20 a. m.

EAST BOUND.	No. 52, Daily.	No. 54, Daily
Lv. Henderson	7:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Spottsville	7:37 a. m.	3:37 p. m.
Owensboro	8:27 a. m.	4:25 p. m.
Lewisport	9:09 a. m.	5:05 p. m.
Hawesville	9:33 a. m.	5:30 p. m.
Cloverport	10:01 a. m.	5:57 p. m.
Stephensport	10:26 a. m.	6:19 p. m.
Irvington	11:02 a. m.	7:05 p. m.
Brandenburg	11:29 a. m.	7:31 p. m.
West Point	12:05 p. m.	8:05 p. m.
Ar. Louisville	1:00 p. m.	9:05 p. m.

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Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS, - Editor and Proprietor

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1893.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR ASSESSOR,

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE
DEE L. MILLER
As a candidate for Assessor of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

FOR JAILOR.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE
J. E. ASHBY
As a candidate for the office of Jailor of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Republican party and the will of the people.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE
JOHN W. BLACK
As a candidate for the office of Jailor of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Repnblican party.

LET our Court of Claims take advantage of the good features of the new Road Law, and in the meantime the Legislature should pass a better law. The age and interests of the people demand it.

THE mails this week have been loaded with the advertisements of the green gocds man, and it may be that Ohio county will furnish a few more victims to this swindling scheme. They will come, however, from the ignorant classes, and from among those who neither subscribe for nor read their county papers. Beware of the green goods swindle.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the business done in Hartford is done by men who advertise in the local papers. The casual observer even could but be impressed with the difference in appearance between the stores of the advertisers and those of others during the busy days of the Christmas trade The houses of the advertising merchants were swarming with purchasers while in the midst of all this business the merchants who refuse to advertise walked leisurely in front of their stores with nothing at all to do, save to wonder why the Christmas trade was so dull. It is ever thus. The advertiser does the business.

THE Court of Claims should have the new fence put up around the Court House yard, for in its present condition it is discreditable to this great county. It would have been the part of wisdom to have had a brick wall erected instead of the present rotting wood work, and surely our Court of Claims will exercise more economy than to repeat a very costly error. Let us have the brick wall surmounted by a neat iron fence and the work is done for half a century. In connection it might be well to say that the outbuildings about the court yard are a disgrace to both town and county.

MANY parties have remarked that the Christmas Tree Monday night was a grand success in every respect save the number and value of the presents distributed. This is true. The management of the tree was the very best, the young people who prepared it were experts in the work and every part bore evidence of artistic arrangement. But everybody realized that in point of number and value of presents the affair was very far below what Hartford has been accustomed to seeing. Rich gifts were conspicuous by their total absence. The explanation is simply the fact that the people are cursed with hard times. So much for the privilege of having a Democratic Administration.

NOT all the drunkenness seen on our streets during the past week can be attributed to Christmas whisky. There has been a noticeable increase in drunkenness in the past month, and there can be no reasonable explanation for this state of case save that blind tigers have taken another lease of life. Now, those men who have no higher aspirations than to set themselves up as law breakers had as well consider now as later that the people mean that law shall be respected in Hartford. Two years ago, THE REPUBLICAN, in its humble way, began a war on these violators of law, and although there was opposition manifested in some unexpected quarters, yet a healthy public sentiment was awakened, the opposition ceased and the blind tigers in a great measure have been suppressed. Since the last dive closed out by the running away of its proprietor there has been much less violation of the Prohibition law. But the traffic has at no time entirely ceased. The man, however, who expects to sell whisky in Hartford will find public sentiment and a Grand Jury of good men looking very closely after his misdoings. Men who who will not respect law for the law's sake must be made to respect it for the people's sake.

A Traveling Man.

Mr. A. C. Wolf, of Washington, Mo., writes that after taking Drummond's Lightning Remedy for one week, the pain had left him almost entirely. He slept better, had no more night sweats, and appetite was good. He also wrote that he would not take $100 for what the remedy had done for him. There is no waiting weeks and months to get satisfaction. The remedy attacks the disease at once. If your druggist has not got Drummond's Lightning Remedy, write to the Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted.

BEAVER DAM'S BLIND TIGERS.

Observer Scores Some Good Hits on a Very Interesting Subject.

BEAVER DAM, KY., Dec. 22, '93.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I am but exercising a right guaranteed to me as a citizen when I take this method of expressing my views upon certain topics which in due time shall be named. And when I have said my say any who may hold to different opinions will have access to the same right to which I referred above and his communication will stand in no greater danger of being swallowed up by the waste basket than this of your humble scribe. The feeling is very nearly general among a certain, not insignificant, class, that it is high time something was said and not only said but done.

I believe it it is now universally conceded among unselfish men that the object of government is the good of the largest possible number of those governed. Now, many times there is a diversity of opinion as regards what is and what is not good for a people or community and the method employed in governments constituted like ours for settling such questions is that the majority of those participating shall determine the matter. And when a question is thus determined both reason, custom and law declare that the action of this majority shall be the action of the whole body and that all be required to obey its commands. There can be no other reasonable method. These different questions settled by the majority is what we call law. It is the united voice of wisdom and experience that the good of the governed is most secure when law is faithfully obeyed and faithfully executed. Every community is interested in the welfare of its citizens, and the organized agents of such communities, which, by the way, we call government, ceases to be of importance to those for whom it was institnted, when it fails to make every man obey the law.

Every man is interested in seeing law and order maintained, because the best people will shun a community when these are ruthlessly trodden under foot. A law abiding citizenship is a constant advertisement for the community, but a lawless community is necessarily repulsive to all but the lawless.

As a citizen I am interested that not only National but State and County regulations shall be respected and maintained. But farther I am interested in the suppression of lawlessness wherever found because my property is increased or diminished in value according as the commnnity is law abiding or law breaking. In order for a community to have a reproachful name it is not necessary that all the people be lawless. No, no. One or two horse thieves can rob a whole neighborhood of its good name. One or two men with a determination to break the law can and will drive away from a community more capital, more enterprise and more good people than all other causes combined. The man most dangerous to the interests of his town or neighborhood is the man who refuses to obey law. Is there any one grossly violating the lew in Beaver Dam? Everybody acquainted with the facts answers: "Yes." The good people of Ohio county several years ago determined by their ballot that there should be no more intoxicating liquors sold within her borders. The great majority of our people accepted the law in good faith and are abiding by its requirements. But the question arises, are all of Beaver Dam's citizens acting thus honorably? No, emphatically, No. There is now, and has been for many months past, so current and undenied, public report has it, that certain parties, whose names might be guessed in somewhat less than a thousand years, who are boldly and wilfully violating the Prohibition law.

But some one says that does not make any difference and that it is nobody's business but that of the man who sells and the man who buys. Away with such rot. It is somebody else's business. It is everybody's business, because everybody is interested. My property and the property of every other man in Beaver Dam is reduced in value by the presence of a man or men who by their violation of law bring reproach upon the fair name of our town. Do Beaver Dam's blind tigers add to the sales of our dry goods men? Does the spending of money with these blind tigers thereby make more money to be expended with our groceries? Do the blind tigers benefit our blacksmiths? Do they bring more trade to our liverymen? Do they increase the business of our Bank? Do they enable our millers to sell more meal and flour? Do they bring more students to our school? Do they improve our society? Do they bring larger congregations to our public worship? Do they tend to establish christianity? Do they improve the morals of our people? Then in Heaven's name I ask, "what are they good for?"

Dear reader, are you for or against the blind tiger? If you are against it, have you the grit to say so and stick to it? Are you willing to give the weight of your name and influence to stamp it out? The people of the town and community can stop the sale of whisky in Beaver Dam if they WILL do it.

OBSERVER.

ADABURGH.

Dec. 25.—The Church organization at this place, the 21st inst, was a grand success. A church was organized and everything set in order. Dr. J. S. Coleman, D. D., of Hartford, Rev. Fred D. Hale, of Owensboro, and Rev. B. F. Jenkins, of Habit, together with a council from several neighboring churches, conducted the organizrtion. Dr. Coleman presided over the meeting with his usual efficiency.

T. P. Ralph and wife, of Pleasant Ridge, are spending a few days of the holidays at this place, the guests of Dr. J. W. Patton and family.

Dr. J. S. Coleman, of Hartford, was the guest of Dr. J. W. Patton the 21st inst.

Our school, at this place, will begin work again on the 27th inst., after a short holiday.

The following visitors honored our school with their presence last week: Misses Mary Ralph and Lucy Mosely, Messrs. Cicero Patton and Laurence Ralph. Come again as we are always glad to have you with us.

Married, at the of the bride's mother, December 24th, 1893, Mr. Retus Whittaker to Miss Hester Lake, Rev. Brandon officiating. Methinks I I can hear other wedding bells ringing in the near future, but none of the contracting parties will be

DON JUAN.

Corn Wanted

I will trade a New or Second-hand Singer Sewing Machine for corn at market price. Machine warranted.

GROSS WILLIAMS, Agt.

Holiday Excursion Rates.

The C. O. & S. W. railroad will sell tickets for 1 and 1/3 fare for the roundtrip on December 22d, 33d, 24th, 25th, 30th and 31st, 1893 and January 1st, 1894 All tickets good returning January 3d, '94. Excursion tickets will be sold between all local stations and to stations on the O. V. railroad and the Owensboro & Falls of Rough and Green River railroads and to stations on connecting lines South of the Ohio River, except no excursion tickets will be sold for a greater distance than three hundred miles.

For further information address T. B. Lynch, General passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky.

Report

Of Ricketts School District, No. 8, for month ending December 15th, 1893: Bell Patton 99, Bertha Tatum 99, Minnie Richardson 99, Ermine Wallace 98, Leona Gaddis 99, John Daniel 98, Nelia Austin 98, Clarence Richardson 98, Lelia Daniel 100, Zelmer Daniel 96, Lena Austin 98, Johnnie Sharp 99, Clayton Wallace 99, Willie Daniel 98, Ira Travis 99, Charlie Lee 98, Jimmie Daniel 99, Prudie May 100, Maggie Daniel 99, Edward Lee 99, Laura May 98, Roy Daniel 100, Horace Austin 99, Ed Black 98, Isaac Travis 98, Viola Raddish 97, Pearl Daniel 99, Herbert Patton 98, Freddie Patton 98, Lonnie Howard 99, Laura Sharp 100, Herman Black 99, Mollie Tatum 99, Bird Lee 99, Mary Patton 99, Nannie Stevens 99, Josie Black 99, Josie Travis 100, Willie May 99, Reuben Howard 99, Coleman Tatum 98, Henry Travis 99, Willie Boswell 98, Herbert Campfield 98. Average attendance 38.

L. T. BARNARD, Teacher.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cleanses, purifies and heals. It was made for that pnrpose. Use it for burns, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, sores of all descriptions and if you have piles use it for them. L. B. Bean.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

We offer at private sale the farm of the late Jo C. Barnett, four miles west of Hartford, containing about 225 acres. Good dwelling and outbuildings, and an abundance of stock water. Land and all fencing in the best condition. For further particulars and terms of sale, address or call on the undersigned.

WOOD TINSLEY, C. M. BARNETT, } Executors.
20tf

Notice to Alliance Men.

The next quarterly meeting of the Farmers Alliance and Industrial Union of Ohio county will be held in Masonic Hall, Beaver Dam, Ky, January 11th and 12th, 1894. The principles of our organization are gaining ground everywhere, and we urge the prompt attendance of every friend of reform in Ohio county. Ample accommodations will be made for the entertainment of all that may attend. Let every Alliance man in the county come and lend us a helping hand.

Respectfully,
J. P. MILLER,
Pres. F. A. & I. U., O. C.

Taken up as an Estray

By Peter Smith, living on Barnett's Creek, near the mouth of Rocky Fork, in Ohio county, on the 15th inst., one heifer two years old past—marked crop off the right ear. Her color is white speckled on body and red neck and head, and appraised by R. A. Nantz at thirteen dollars.

Witness my hand this the 15 day of December, 1893. 21 4t

J. W. TURNER, J. P. O. C.

Holiday Rates

The Louisville, St. Louis & Texas Railroad Co. will make rates of one fare for the round trip, between all stations on its lines, for the Holidays. Tickets will be placed on sale December 23, good returning January 2, '94.

For further information call on or address Agents, or

H. C. MORDUE,
Ass't G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

Methodist Sunday School Items.

Sunday, December the 24th, 1893.

Opening song, "The Savior Comes."

Officers and Teachers present—10.

Scholars—72.

Scripture Lesson, III Chapter of Matthew, 1st to 11th verses.

Subject—"The birth of Jesus."

The weather being favorable, we had a good attendance and a splendid exercise.

Miss Ora Duke, of Sulphur Springs, who is visiting relatives in town, was a welcome visitor in Prof. Ringo's class.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Rhoads, of Greenville, who are visiting friends in town, paid us a pleasant visit this morning.

We take pleasurein noting their presence.

We are glad to see Mrs. H. D. McHenry present this morning after a long absence.

Mr. Richard Foster, who is teaching in Daviess county, is at home on a visit and was present.

Misses Carrie Woerner and Oma Westerfield, of the Baptist Sunday School, dropped in to see us.

We take pleasure in adding the names of Thomas Taylor and Truman Woodward to our fast increasing roll as new scholars.

Misses Rosa Woerner and Sallie Cate were added to the Christmas tree Committee heretofore appointed.

We were honored this morning by a visit from Mrs. Adah Crawford, of Owensboro, who was once Secretary of our school. We were all glad to see her.

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Record for Three Weeks.

Boys shooting fire crackers on the streets—threatened with arrest.

Two men shooting giant crackers on the streets—arrested.

Man drunk on the streets, cursing and yelling like savages—no arrest.

Two men fight in store-house—one knocked down—no arrest.

Several men drunk on street, boisterous and swearing while ladies passing—no arrests.

Two men fight, one knocked down—no arrest.

Same—no arrest.

Two men running horses through streets, yelling and swearing—no arrest.

Moral—Matthew 23d:24th (which see.) "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

At Home.

Having had an excellent season "on the road" with my splendid photographing outfit I have now established my gallery permanently at my new house in Beaver Dam, Ky., where I am fully equipped for doing all kinds of photographic work. Cabinet photo's a specialty. Instantaneous photographs of children. Call and see my work. Very truly.

A. D. TAYLOR.

No better aid to digestion,
No better cure for dyspepsia,
Nothing more reliable for biliousness and constipation than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. L. B. Bean.

Report

Of school District No. 81 for the school month ending December the 9th, 1893: Bertha Brown 97, Ernie Brown 96, Bertie Snedden 95, Nora Adams 95, Dillas Adams 89, Sue Cooper 89, Mattie Cooper 87, James Snedden 89, Easter Baker 70, Annie Scroggins 80 Minnie Ashby 93, Lucy Hooper 97, Millie Jones 69, Rosa Singleton 69, Isabel Ashby 80, Ara Torrence 88, Belle Torrence 89, Flory Gray 91, Myrtie Baker 70, Anna Hooper 81, Mary Vernon 89, Richard Snedden 96, James Snedden 87, Cebron Baker 70, James Cooper 87, Hulbert Baker 80, Robert Hooper 90, James Taylor 84, Virgil Hendrick 91, Willie Hendricks 92, Fred Matelan 90, Hetslie Rowe 89, Elvine Jones 75, Walter Snedden 97, Owen Brown 96, Willie Scroggins 83, Urie Rowe 91, Ernie Rowe 93, Eddie Torrence 93, Eddie Ashby 98, James Hendricks 92, Alva Brown 70, Charlie Jones 75, Hardin Jones 76, Charlie Snedden 90, Dona Cooper 90, Harry Sherrod 82, Emma Matelan 86, Alice Singleton 79.

MAGGIE STEVENS, Teacher.

SEND twelve cents in postage stamps to 39 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., and you will receive four copies of Kate Fied's Washington, containing matter of special interest. Give name and address, and where you saw this advertisement. 1y

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. L. B. Bean.

Building Material.

Any one needing building material of any kind, such as lumber, ceiling, flooring, windows, sash, doors, lime, cement, or builders hardware, would do well to call on or write to Cary & Marble, Owensboro, Ky.

Wanted!

One or two car-loads of good poplar lumber. Address,

F. A. AMES & CO.,
5 tf Owensboro, Ky.

Stated meeting of the Hartford Lodge, No. 675, F. & A. Masons, first Monday night in each month. All brethren are invited to attend regular.

W. H. MOORE, W. M.
H. WEINSHEIMER, Sec'y.

G. A. R. Resolutions.

At a meeting of Perry Campbell Post, No. 27 Department of Kentucky G. A. R., held at Spring Lick, Ky., December the 9th, 1893, a Committee was appointed to which was referred resolutions concerning the President's Message affecting pensions, who reported as follows, and the same was unanimously adopted irrespective of party affiliation.

WHEREAS, The President of the United States has seen proper in his message to Congress to assert that there are thousands of neighborhoods that have their fraudulent pensioners, and that the assertion is so extriordinary and so insinuating, emanating as it does from the chief Executive of these United States, that the officers and members of Perry Campbell Post, No. 27 claim that the assertion is unwarranted, unjust and the attack thus made upon the old soldiers are or have the appearance of those of an extreme partisan, therefore be it

RESOLVED, By Perry Campbell Post No. 27 Department of Kentucky G. A. R. of Grayson county that the President be respectfully asked to make his assertions more explicit in order that we as old soldiers may be able to assist the authorities in bringing to justice any such fraudulent pensioners, as we with all other old soldiers who served their country honorably during the darkest days of its existence wish not to have any such fraudulent pensions granted.

RESOLVED, That if there are thousands of well known neighborhoods where such pensions are drawn it will only take proper vigilance and the enforcement of the law to crush and to stop all such illegal pensions from being drawn, and we as a Post of the G. A. R. will do all that is in our power to assist the authorities in so doing.

RESOLVED, That if the assertions made prove to be incorrect he is in honor bound to withdraw the same or be classed as an enemy of the old soldier.

Very respectfully submitted.

M. A. TAYLOR,
W. A. WALLACE,
J. S. CARROLL,
J. W. CRAIG,
J. R. BOND,
JOHN MITCHELL, } Com.

Headquarters Perry Compbell Post, No. 27 Department of Kentucky G A. R. Caneyville, Ky., at a meeting held December the 9th 1893, at Spring Lick, the following resolutions of respect to the memory of comrade T. M. Hopper were offered and unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Great Commander of the Universe to call from our Post our worthy comrade Thos. M. Hopper to the the Great Camp Ground on the eternal shore, therfore, be it

RESOLVED, By the Perry Campbell Post, No. 27 of Ky. G. A. R. that while we meekly bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we deplore our loss, and in the death of Comrade Hopper the Post has lost a faithful member and its members the comradeship of of one who was ever ready to aid any comrade or family of deceased comrade who were in need, and that the community in which he lived has lost a good citizen and the needy a benefactor.

RESOLVED, That while we deplore our loss we realize that the bereaved family of our decased comrade has sustained a greater loss.

RESOLVED, That we, his comrades, extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, and that we have Memorial Services and that the members wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be given to the family of the deceased comrade as a token of our esteem, and that the Caneyville Herald and Hartford REPUBLCN be requested to print the same, and that a copy be filed and become a part of the archives of the Post.

Comrade Hopper was born Oct. the 19th 1834 and enlisted in Company H. 35th Ky., Infantry, on the Fourth of July, 1864, and entered Perry Campbell Post No. 27, in July 1884 as a Charter member and was faithful to every trust confided to him. He died Oct 30th 1893.

M. A. TAYLOR,
JNO. MITCHELL,
J. G. BAKER, } Com.

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrh, also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases, caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy and gentle in effect.

QUARTERLY REPORT
—OF THE—
BANK OF HARTFORD
At the close of Business on the 23d day of December, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts, less loans to Directors	$68,304.80
Loans to Directors (officers not included	406.00
Loans to Officers	400.00
Overdrafts, secured	1,937.35
Overdrafts, unsecured	437.06
Due from Nat. Banks	5,966.74
Due from St'e B'ks & B'k'rs	483.28
Banking house and lot	3000.00
Stocks and Bonds	1,341.67
Specie	2,718.78
Currency	2,260.00
Exchanges for Clearings	2,145.59
Other items carried as cash	1,367.49
Furniture and Fixtures	1,000.00
Taxes paid	145.97
Current expenses	1,088.50
Other assets, debts in suit	698.54
	$93,701.77

LIABILITIES.

Cap'l stock paid in, in cash	$30,000.00
Undivided profits	7,418.97
Deposits subject to check (on which in. is not paid	56,069.79
Due National Banks	81.63
Due State banks and ban'rs	131.38
	$93,701.77

STATE OF KENTUCKY, COUNTY OF OHIO, } ss

Sam K. Cox, President of Bank of Hartford, Ky., a Bank located and doing business in the town of Hartford, in said county being duly sworn says that the foregoing Report is in all respects a true statement of the condition of the said Bank at the close of business on the 23d day of December, 1893, to the best of his knowledge and belief; and further says that the business of said Bank has been transacted at the location named, and not elsewhere; and that the above report is made in compliance with an official notice received from the Secretary of State designating the 23d day of December, 1893, as the day on which such report shall be made.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by Sam K. Cox the 28th day of December, 1893. G. B. LIKENS, C.O.C.C.

SAM K. COX, President,
J. J. MCHENRY, Director,
JOHN C. THOMAS, "
J. S. COLEMAN, "

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

BY OLIVE OHNET.

FAREWELL, farewell, the best of friends must part,
And as a token of how dear thou art,
How fond and dear, Old Year, Old Year,
Here take a glint of gold from out my hair,
A shade of rose from cheek and lip, and there
Sprinkle a touch of snow before you go,
Old Year, before you go.

Good-by, God-speed, all earthly things must end,
One look into your fading eyes, my friend,
So fond and dear, Old Year, Old Year.
There's mild regret within my heart in place of pain,
All that was sweet in thee shall once again
In memory live and make me glad,
Old Year: then why be sad?

Now that we're parting, I'm impelled to say,
What I've in secret thought for many a day—
Yet still I love you, dear Old Year.
Youv'e always worn a somewhat somber face,
You've never had the winsome sprightly grace
That I remember in your foregone kin,
Old Year, that I have ushered in.

Your stay was shorter, too, it seems to me,
Than that of former years was wont to be.
Oh, fond and dear Old Year, Old Year,
Mayhap for me all time is near complete,
And toward the end you're hast'ning with glad feet.
Then speed, no longer stay,
Old Year, go swift thy way!

HIS NEW YEAR'S MAIL.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.

"Ah, now, this is pleasant!" cried young Mr. Dovecot, as he threw aside his newspaper on the morning of the 1st of January. "What more can a man want than a beefsteak such as we had for breakfast, a clear fire like this, and a little wife of his own? By the way, my dear, you are looking very charming this morning. I do not remember ever having seen that dress before."

"It—it's a surprise," faltered Mrs. Dovecot, turning very pink. "I am *so* glad you like it—you know I try to please you in all things."

"I couldn't help admiring it, my dear. I pity those poor fellows who are bachelors—I was telling Jollycliffe so only yesterday."

"Yes, indeed, and I was saying to Marie that she would never know what real happiness is until she is married."

"We must ask them both to dinner some evening and try to make a match between them. Ah, there comes the postman, tramping through the snow."

"I'll go and meet him, I hate to keep him waiting."

"No, I'll go; you might catch cold from the draught."

A moment later he returned, saying: "See what a pile of letters; invitations

"OH, FERDIE, HOW EXTRAVAGANT!"

and New Year's greetings, no doubt. Hello!"

"What is the matter?" queried Mrs. Dovecot, who was anxiously looking over the letters.

"A bill for *another* ton of coal—why, I paid for one only the other day!"

"But don't you remember? I forgot to give you the other one when it came, and"—

"I remember, you forgot it until after your sealskin was bought. What's this? O, never mind;" and he stuffed a bill into his pocket; it fell out and she pounced upon it.

"O, Ferdie, another suit; how extravagant!"

"My dear, a man must look decent, if he *is* married. By the way, when your china painting is *quite* finished I wish you would mend the hole in my pocket."

"Why, Ferdie you said the other day that I musn't prick my little fingers with sewing;" and she burst into tears. In drawing out her handkerchief she dropped a bill which he picked up.

"Clara Dovecot! another dressmaker's bill!"

"Only for the dress I have on, dear. I wanted to surprise you."

"Well, my love, you have succeeded, and here's a bill for a bath robe. I never bought a bath robe."

"O, Ferdie, that was your birthday present, and—"

"In future we will do without birthday presents, my dear; I can't afford them. What's this? O, only the statement from my club."

"And you promised me you'd give up the club and stay at home when we were married!"

"And here's a bill for ice cream and lunches; what extravagance!"

"O, dear, if I'd known how unkind you are I never would have married you!"

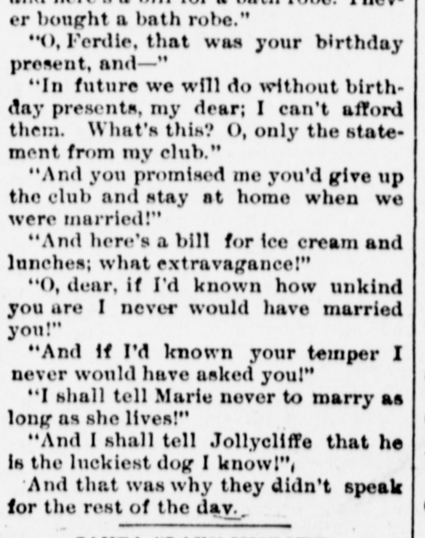
"And if I'd known your temper I never would have asked you!"

"I shall tell Marie never to marry as long as she lives!"

"And I shall tell Jollycliffe that he is the luckiest dog I know!"

And that was why they didn't speak for the rest of the day.

SANTA CLAUS' MISTAKE.



Mr. Schaupenhauser falls asleep over his pipe, and Santa Claus at first sight takes it for a chimney. — Harper's Young People.

Holiday Reflections.

Now the maiden gathers worsted
Slippers her best beau she'll send;
But the man that gets the slippers
Will get worsted in the end.

Notice!

All articles for publication should be addressed to THE REPUBLICAN, Hartford, Ky., to insure prompt attention.

Hood's Cures

Annie L. Arner
Of Augusta, Ky.

More Than Pleased

With Hood's Sarsaparilla—For Tetter and Blood Impurities

Stronger and Better in Every Way.

"I have been more than pleased with Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have suffered with tetter breaking out on my face and all over my body all my life. I never could find anything to do it good until I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have now used about eight bottles, and Oh, it has done me so much good that I have the utmost

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

faith in it and recommend it to everyone. Besides purifying my blood, it has made me so much stronger and better I do not feel like the same person at all." ANNIE ARNER, Augusta, Ky.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

120 DOLLARS PER MONTH
IN YOUR OWN LOCALITY

made easily and honorably, without capital, during your spare hours. Any man, woman, boy, or girl can do the work handily, without experience. Talking unnecessary. Nothing like it for money-making ever offered before. Our workers always prosper. No time wasted in learning the business. We teach you in a night how to succeed from the first hour. You can make a trial without expense to yourself. We start you, furnish everything needed to carry on the business successfully, and guarantee you against failure if you but follow our simple, plain instructions. Reader, if you are in need of ready money, and want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address, and we will mail you a document giving you all the particulars.

TRUE & CO., Box 400, Augusta, Maine.

Statement of the Condition
—OF THE—
Beaver Dam
DEPOSIT BANK
At the Close of Business June 30, 1893.

RESOURCES.

Notes and Bills	$76,205.14
Real Estate	3,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	1,500.00
Expenses paid	864.98
Cash on hand and in B'ks	17,447.55
	$99,017.67

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$25,000.00
Surplus	5,250.00
Reserve Fund	1,293.14
Interest and Exchange	3,047.59
Deposits	64,426.94
	$99,01 67

JOHN H. BARNES, CASHIER.

Sworn and subscribed to before me June 30, 1893.

ROWAN HOLBROOKS, C. O. C. C.
By SHELBY TAYLOR, D. C.

Our business continues to grow, as the above statement will show, both in magnitude and prosperity. Two years ago a deposit of $25,000; one year ago $45,000; to-day $64,000. This is due to the fact that the young men are beginning to realize that it is not the money made but the money saved that sets them up in business. The man who saves each day and puts at interest fifty cents, will in fifty years be worth $58,000—RICH!

We are here to assist the business interests of the county, and we solicit and appreciate the account of every pushing, enterprising individual or firm. JOHN H. BARNES, CASHIER.

Building Material.

Any one needing building material of any kind, such as lumber, ceiling, flooring, windows, sash, doors, lime, cement, or builders hardware would do well to call on or write to

CARY & MARBLE, Owensboro, Ky.

Neuralgic Persons
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking *Brown's Iron Bitters.* Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. For sale by all druggists; call on yours. 36 1y

Prof. E. W. Smith, Prin. Commercial College of Ky University, Lexington, Ky., was awarded
MEDAL AND DIPLOMA
BY THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,
For System of Book-keeping and General Business Education, etc. Cost to complete Business Course about $90, including tuition, books and board. Phonography, Type Writing and Telegraphy taught. For circulars, address, W. R. SMITH, President, Lexington, Ky.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

RING OUT on THE FROSTY AIR!

Listen to their Merry Tones

CHIME FIRST:

Come in! Come in!
Come in to Fair Bros. & Co's

CHIME SECOND:

And see their stock
of Christmas Goods!

CHIME THIRD:

Their assortment is
The best in Town!

CHIME FOURTH:

Their prices now
Are Marked way Down!

CHORUS

Swing out, ring out, clang with
all our might!
Call the people in to see the Merry
Christmas sight!

FAIR BROS. & CO.

—PROPRIETORS OF—

HARTFORD TEMPLE OF FASHION.

SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGES

INCORPORATED

The great practical Business Training, Book-Keeping and Shorthand Colleges. They give a young man a good start to business and success. Catalogue free. Enos Spencer, Pres't, J. F. Fish, Sec'y. Address Spencerian College at **Louisville, Ky., Owensboro, Ky., or Evansville, Ind.**

ANNOUNCEMENT

—OF THE OPENING OF THE—

SPRING SESSION

—OF THE—

BEAVER DAM HIGH SCHOOL

AND TEACHERS' PRACTICAL INSTITUTE.

January 16, 1894.

Expenses most reasonable. Plans modern and progressive. Instruction thorough and practical. Advantage most excellent. A School for the masses.

Tuition per Term of Ten Weeks.

Common School Department	Primary	$3 75
	Intermediate	5 00
	Advanced	6 25
Collegiate Department		7 00

Instruction in Music and Art at Reasonable Rates. Board in best of private families per week, $2.00 to $2.25.

This session offers unusual advantages to young men and women and especially to teachers. Our outline method of teaching secures to our students the use of any and all text-books. We kindly and honestly solicit the patronage of all seeking a thorough education, and very decidedly guarantee satisfaction to all earnest students. For further information send for circulars or call on

E. R. RAY, President. DORA E. GIBSON, Vice President

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1893.

W. H. WILLIAMS LEADS.

Sauer Kraut at W. H. Williams'.

Hall wants your butter and eggs.

Hall has the finest meat shop in town.

See W H Williams' fine chestnuts, extra large—try them

Take your produce to Hall, he pays the highest market price.

Hall keeps the wonderful Japanese Oil and all kinds of patent medicines.

The Four-leaf Clover Shoe, the best Shoe on earth, can only be had at Carson & Co. 20 6t

FOR SALE.—A fine young horse. Cheap for cash. Apply to
S. A. ANDERSON, Hartford, Ky.

Trustees who furnish their school-houses with maps, charts, globes, etc., by ordering of W. A. Gibson get honest goods at honest prices.

Mr. Thomas Hines and Miss Artie Wilson, Sulphur Springs, were married yesterday at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Sam Wilson, Rev. Jo. Acton pronouncing the ceremony.

Mr. Tom Duff, Sulphur Springs, and Mr. D. H. Godsey, Shreve, were pleasant callers at this office Wednesday. The latter has just closed his school while the former is newly married, so both are happy.

Cranberries, 10c per quart, at W.H. Williams.

W. H. Williams is headquarters for cheap fire-works.

25lbs of BEST N. O. Sugar for $1 at W. H. Williams.

Fresh Oysters and Celery in abundance at W. H. Williams'.

For Maps, Globes and charts of all kinds, at right prices, see W. A. Gibson. tf

For best prices and terms on School Supplies, Trustees should see W. A. Gibson. tf

THE REPUBLICAN is prepared to do all kinds of Job Work on short notice. Send in your orders.

Dr. C. S. King, formerly of Paradise, has located at Horse Branch. He is a rising young man in his profession and will no doubt do well in new home, Here's to you Dr. and wishing you much success.

A young man about eighteen years of age was killed at Grayson Springs Station Tuesday morning by jumping from a moving train. He had, as young fellows often do, boarded the local freight to ride up the road a short distance, and in jumping off lost his balance and was thrown violently against a piece of timber and his skull was crushed. We did not learn his name.

Best brooms at Stevens & Collins.

Fresh canned goods at Stevens & Collins.

Kraut, pickles, etc., at Stevens & Collins.

Nice pickled pig feet at W. H. Williams'.

For a square feed for your horse call at C. L. Field.

Call on C. L. Field for buggies, wagons and harness,

Dried apples, prunes, currants raisins, etc., at Stevens & Collins.

Leave your order for dressed turkeys for New Year with Tracy & Son.

Remember that C. L. Field keeps the best livery rigs in town. Call and see.

If you want your horse to have a full feed leave him with Casebier & Burton.

It is expected that there will be two Weddings at the Hartford House next week.

If you should want a dressed turkey for New Year, leave your order with Tracy & Son.

Mr. L. L. Stewart, with the McHenry Coal Co., had his foot mashed recently by a large lump of coal.

Mr. A. Lee Rowe has been appointed to a place in the Revenue Service under Collector Powers.

Ex-Representative Wesley Crowe died very suddenly at his home near Newville, Thursday morning of heart failure.

C. R. Martin can be found at A. D. White's store. Men, he is always ready to mend your watches, clocks and jewelry.

School Trustees:—The necessary charts you have neglected to buy for your school district can be bought of W. A. Gibson, at prices that are right and on terms most reasonable.

Dr. J. S. Coleman and Revs. Fred D. Hale, Owensboro, and B. F. Jenkins, Habit, organized a Baptist Church at Adaburg last Tuesday. A house will be erected at once.

A child of Uzal Everly died at J. W. Pate's, Goshen, Wednesday night of Membranous Croup. A surgical operation had been performed on the child but to no avail.

Mr. Thomas Walker and Miss Julia Peyton, two of Hartford's popular young colored people, were married here Wednesday by Rev. R. A. Crowe. The left for Louisville, Cincinnati, Covington and other places, where they will spend several days.

Mr. J. Ham Miller and wife gave her father, Mr. Johnnie Barnes, a birthday dinner yesterday and the members of the family were in attendance. Mr. J. E. Fogle and family, Mrs. D. A. Addington and Judge J. S. Glenn and family were among those in attendance.

Mr. Louis Burns, Mosleyville, and Miss Nettie Bennett, Owensboro, will be married next Tuesday, January 2. Both the young people are well known here, having been students of Hartford College. Their many friends wish them a life full of happiness and success.

The good people of Rochester have been troubled considerably of late by a sneak thief. Monday night Mr. Dave Smith's store was broken into but only 21 cents and a plug of tobacco were missing. A man was put on the trail and Charley Buck was arrestod and lodged in jail at Morgantown Tuesday.

On the nights of January 10th and 11th, Hartford will be given some very fine musical entertainments. The first evening will be devoted to a concert and the second to a piano recital by Miss Maggie Nall and Prof. Fraze, Louisville. Mrs. W. L. Spalding and Misses Cate and Pendleton will sing and a very pleasant time is anticipated.

The greatest intellectual treat ever enjoyed by a Hartford audience was the verdict of the people who attended the Perkins lecture on last Saturday night. Mr. Perkins was at his best and his jokes rolled out in rich profusion. His explanation of Wit, Humor, Satire and Ridicule was not only mirth provoking but instructive. Eli Perkins has won a place in the hearts of our people not accorded to any other of the great men who have visited our town.

The Christmas Tree Monday night was a very pleasant affair, and everybody had a good time. The exercises were opened by singing of the Doxology and prayer by Dr. J. S. Coleman. After which Santa Claus, impersonated by Ab, Yeiser, entered and proceeded to distribute the good things. Although there little more than half the usual number of presents were distributed it did not seem to make the crowd any the less merry.

Marriage licenses: J. W. Waltrip to Miss Ida Swain, Peat Kirk to Mrs. Nan Murphy, John B. Maddox to Miss Mecie Tichenor, J. W. May to Miss Mary Fielden, B. F. Greer to Miss Viola Whittaker, J. M. Vincent to Miss Elza F. Ross, R. C. Whittaker to Miss Hester Lake, Presley L. Wood to Miss Annie E. Hunter, L. A. Maden to Miss Pearlie Craig, J. M. Pollard to Miss Elizabeth Riadon, Thomas Hines to Miss Artie V. Wilson.

COLORED.

Thomas Walker to Miss Julia Peyton, W. J. Shultz to Miss Minnie P. Phipps.

Thin and impure blood is made rich and healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It braces up the nerves and gives renewed strength.

You can get the best of Rigs, single or double, at Casebier & Burton's.

One of the most pleasant society events in Kinderhook during the holidays was the social given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Anderson on Tuesday night. The beauty and chivalry of that and adjoining neighborhoods were there and the occasion was a most enjoyable one.

Died Monday morning at 2 o'clock at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Robert Caldwell, McHenry, Mrs. Ada Hudson, wife of Mr. James Hudson, Point Pleasant. The deceased had gone on a visit to her sister six weeks ago, but those dread diseases consumption and heart trouble marked her as a victim. She was the daughter of Capt. Robt. Davis, deceased, was twenty years old and left one child, Fred, four years of age. The remains were interred at Point Pleasant Tuesday in the presence of a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends.

Mr Commodore Lake, of near town, and Miss———Dooley, of Daviess county, were married yesterday evening at the home of the bride. The bridal party will come up to-day to the home of the groom's father, Mr. William Lake, just north of town, where an elegant reception will be given to-night. The young people stand high in their social circles. The groom has purchased a part of the Moore & Sullenger land across the River, as noted in the colums of the REPUBLICAN a short time ago. We extend congratulations to these excellent young people and wish them a long and happy life.

Maddox-Tichenor.

Mr. J. B. Maddox and Miss Mecie Tichenor, of Point Pleasant, were married at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. J. W. Tichenor, Sunday. The groom is a prosperous merchant at the Point, while his bride is an estimable young lady, and one of the county's best teachers. THE REPUBLICAN congratulates the young people on their mutual good fortune.

Left for Parts Unknown.

Wash Duncan, of color, who was serving out his time in the county jail in default of fines amounting to $425, assessed against him by the Circuit Court for selling whisky, skipped out Monday night and at the time of going to press had not been heard from. Jailor Thompson, very indiscreetly made a trusty of Wash and now he wishes he hadn't. The negro was allowed to go about the house, yard and streets and when it was discovered Monday night that he was gone Jailor Thompson thought perhaps he had gone up to Hayti to the Christmas Tree and so suffered no uneasiness, but no permission was given to go to Hayti nor elsewhere. Wash had 85 days yet to serve. He was brought here several years ago under charge of selling whisky and was in jail for a long time. Finally getting out he remained here and continued his nefarious traffic. For a year or more previous to his being jugged he conducted a dive on a large scale in the old house across the bridge and did a thriving business. A constant stream of customers flowed in and out of his miserable quarters. But he was finally trapped, and now that he is gone the good people of Hartford and Ohio county generally send after him a hearty wish that he maintain his present consoling absence.

PERSONAL.

Jo. B. Sanderfur, of the Liberty neighborhood, called to see us this week.

John J. McHenry and sister, Miss Isabel, returned from Louisville last Friday.

Judge John P. Morton and son, Burr, and Attorney H. P. Taylor and son, John, made a flying trip to Louisville Friday.

John R. Collins, Memphis, Tenn., came up Sunday to visit his mother and children.

James A. Smith and W. M. Fair spent the holidays with relatives and friends near McHenry.

Ollie White is visiting his brother, Dr. J. H. White.

John T. Moore went to Fordsville Tuesday, the guest of Mrs. Dr. Ford, returning Wednesday.

J. B. McDaniel, of Horse Branch, was in town the first of the week.

Miss Dora Gibson, of the Beaver Dam High School, spent the first of the week at home.

Prof. J. D. Coleman, of the Frankfort City High Schools, spent the holidays at home.

Mrs. Hila Coleman, of Corinth, Tex., spent the holidays with her father-in-law, Dr. J. S. Coleman.

A. P. Thomas has closed his school at Olaton and in January will start to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he will attend a Commercial school.

Mrs. R. M. Walker and daughter, Miss Lula, went to Lexington last Sunday.

George L. O'Bannon and son, J. Will, of Select, were in the city Monday.

Miss Annie Renfrow, who has been visiting the family of Col. W. H. Moore for some days, left yesterday to visit her sister, Mrs. Thomas, at Yelvington.

John C. Riley, Kinderhook, is very ill of erysipelas.

Mrs. E. J. Hudson attended the funeral of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Hudson, at Point Pleasant Tuesday.

Attorney E. P. Neal and wife, Prentis, returned home yesterday.

Mr. T. E. Bibb, Stanford, is visiting his daughter Mrs. Mac Fair.

Mrs. Clarence Walker and son, Helm, Louisville, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Taylor.

Mr. James Render and wife, Nash, Texas, are spending the week with the family of W. H. Burton.

Somewhat of a Romance.

Mr. Thomas T. Duff, of Sulphur Springs, and Miss Willie Sweets, of Elizabethtown, were married at Jeffersonville last Monday week Quite a romance is connected with the marriage. The young lady had visited friends in this county some months ago, and the young people met and loved. Tom made his sweetheart a visit last Sunday week, and while there informed his prospective father-in-law of the love affair and asked the old gentleman's consent to their marriage. The old gentleman remonstrated, saying they were too young. Tom accepted the inevitable, as the father thought, and remarked that he must go on to Louisville, as he had some business there. He was accompanied to the depot by his sweetheart, and when he bought his ticket, an uncle of the girl heard him call for two. The uncle made a rush to inform the father, and the young folks made a rush for the train. The lovers won and in a few hours they were made man and wife in Jeffersonville.

They at once returned to Elizabethtown, where they were met with the tears and blessings of the old folks. Wednsday the young couple came down to the home of the bride's father, Mr. R. J. Duff, Sulphur Springs, and it is needless to say he and the rest of the family were surprised at Tom's rapid way of transacting business. THE REPUBLICAN joins with the many other friends of the young people in wishing that life's richest blessings may be theirs.

Complimented.

Hon. Cassius M. Clay, one of Kentucky's great men, is preparing a volume of Memoirs, which is soon to be issued from one of the largest New York publishing houses. A very attractive feature ef the book will be the portraits and biographies of fifteen of Kentucky's most beautiful and accomplished women. Hartford and Ohio county will be delighted to know that they have been asked to contribute to this special collection. Gen. Clay has written to Mrs. Spalding, of this place, requesting her photograph and biography for this book. Mrs. Spalding was Miss Nannie Alexander, daughter of Dr. W. Alexander, President of Hartford College, and is regarded as one of Kentucky's most popular and cultured beauties. No page of the beautiful volume will bear a fairer, sweeter face than that which bears the likeness of Mrs. Spalding.

Notice!

All parties who are indebted to me are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts, as I am closing up my old business. Resp'y,
22 4t A. GODSHAW, Beda, Ky.

Boarders Wanted.

C. E. Austin & Co. will take boarders at reasonable rates. Call at the Matthews old stand above post-office.

Program

Of the closing exercises of the McHenry colored school, taught by Charlotte Eidson, which occurs January 5 '94, at 7 p. m.

Song by the school.
Invocation—Dudley Walker.
Song by the school.
Welcome address—Hiram Woodward.
"Blessed are the Peace Makers"—Recitation, by seven young ladies.
Dialogue—six brave men—six young men.
Doll drill—by sixteen girls.
Composition, War of the Revolution—Columbus Sprowl
Music—Hark the song of Jubilee.
Recitations—Misses Sulie Austin, Viola Hocker and Ollie May Chinn.
An acting charade—by six characters.
Gun drill—eight boys.
Music—Laughing song.
Recitation—Claude Taylor and Thomas Logan.
Dialogue—How he managed; by five characters.
Recitation—Ten little lazy boys.
Declamation—John Dansey.
Merry Workers: Recitation with chorus—twelve little boys and twelve little girls.
Composition; Osseous system—Thomas McReynolds.
Speeches—Misses Viola Hocker, Leona Render, Rosa Render, Alice May and Effie Sprowl and Ula Briggs and others.
Song; Dame Durden—four male voices.
Declamations—Robert Render and Turnsey Walker and others.
Paper Miss Ardie Taylor.
A Wand Drill in Calisthenics—by nine young ladies.
Remarks by the trustees. Closing remarks by the teacher.

$500 will be Given

For any case of rheumatism which cannot be cured by Dr. Drummond's Lightning Remedy. The proprietors do not hide this offer, but print it in bold type on all their circulars, wrappers, printed matter, and through the columns of newspapers everywhere. It will work wonders—one bottle curing any ordinary case. If the druggist has not got it, he will order it, or it will be sent to any address by express on receipt of price, together with special instructions for use. Drummond's Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted.

The revival at Sulphur Springs, under charge of Revs. J. B. Perryman, J. H. Frost and W. R. Ford closed last Sunday. The meeting was one of unusual interest. There were thirty conversions and twenty-five professions of sanctification. On last Monday night a week ago Rev. Perryman organized a new M. E. Church with a membership of thirty-seven and a very bright outlook.

Many Persons

Are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

Base Ball.

For some time there has been considerable rivalry existing between the Beda and Alexander Schools in regard to base ball. On Thanksgiving Day a game was played at Alexander resulting in a tie, 13 to 13. Another game was arranged for Christmas Day and at 1 o'clock on the 25th the two teams met in Mr. J. C. Riley's meadow, one and a-half mile north of town, to decide their respective merits. A nice new ball and bat were furnished by the Alexander boys, the ground was quickly laid off and everything made ready for the contest. Mr. J. R. Williams was chosen umpire and he filled the difficult position well. When the game was called about one hundred people had assembled, and everybody seemed bent upon having a good time.

The following is a list of the players and their positions:

BEDA.	POSITION.	ALEXANDER.
Cook, Leach,	p.	Ellis,
Leach, Crowe,	c.	Ellis, E. Ellis,
Carson,	f. b.	Barnett,
Greer,	s. b.	Barnett, V.
Leach,	t. b.	Mills,
Chinn,	r. f.	Stevens,
Gorman,	c. f.	Webb,
Ward,	l. f.	Ells, Er.
Cook, Ed	s. s.	Ellis, H.

The Beda boys took the lead from the start and maintained it until the eighth inning, when the Alexander's pas ed them. In the ninth, however, the latter went to pieces, and the Beda's forged ahead again, winning by a score of 25 to 23. Time, two hours and twenty minutes.

Masonic Notes.

Wednesday was the regular annual election of officers in the F. & A. M. Lodge. Hartford Lodge, No. 675, elected the following named officers for the ensuing year: W. H. Moore, Master; Dr. A. B. Baird, Senior Warden; F. M. Westerfield, Junior Warden; A. D. White, Treasurer; H. Weinsheimer, Secretary; Louis Gunther, Tyler; D. F. Tracy and B. F. McCormick were appointed Senior and Junior Deacon, respectively.

The election in Cromwell Lodge, No. 420, at Beaver Dam resulted as follows: J. P. Miller, Master; A A. Millard, Senior Warden; Jo. T. Taylor, Junior Warden; K. J. McKenney, Secretary; Nicholas Barress, Treasurer. Did not learn who was elected Tyler.

Hartford Lodge will probably hold a pic-nic St. John's Day, June 24th.

BEAVER DAM.

Rev. J. S. Casebier filled his regular appointment here the third Sunday in this month, when there where several additions to the church.

Miss Mayme Barnard, of Louisville, was the guest of Miss Rosa Taylor Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Susie Austin, Sulphur Springs, visited Miss Tommie Cooper Friday and Saturday.

Santa Claus was the guest of most every body in town Sunday night. The Ladder which has been so nicely managed by the ladies, was very pretty. The Trees were arranged by the young gentlemen of our school. We welcome quite a number of visitors.

Misses Lyda and Berta Morton, of Hartford, were the guests of Miss Attie Austin Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Dora Gibson visited her mother Saturday and Sunday.

The Mass Meeting, Sunday night, was not as well attended as it should have been, although the program was quite interesting.

Quite a crowd from this place attended the Christmas Tree at Hartford and report a pleasant time and a good Santa Claus.

Mr. Oscar Stevens, wife and daughters, Misses Daisy and Pansy, are visiting friends in Louisville.

Mr. C. V. McKenney and family spent Christmas day with relatives at Taylor Mines.

Misses Becca Martin and Clara DeHaven were in town Tuesday.

The Christians of this place sent their pastor, Rev. Teel, of Rochester, an elegant Xmas box.

Miss Katie Hunt, of Huntsville, is visiting her brother, Mr. H. D. Hunt, this week.

Mr. Hayes, wife and daughter, Miss Margurite, and Miss Tennie Hayes, are the guests of Mrs. Phocian McKenney, their sister, this week.

Mr. Steve Stevens is erecting a new building here.

Messrs. Hallie Brown and Leroy Whitaker spent the holidays with their parents near Rochester.

Several of the students were absent Tuesday and Wednesday on the account of not having enough vacation.

Alva Taylor made us a pleasant visit Tuesday evening.

Tilden Taylor visited his parents in the country Saturday and Sunday.

The Kindergartens have made such rapid progress during the session that nearly all of them will be promoted to the Primary Department at the beginning of the next term.

The language class of the Primary Department will begin studying the text-book next term. Miss Gibson is quite proud of her class, and justly so, we think. Some interesting and valuable specimens have been added to the Cabinet of the Child's Book of Nature class. They have made marked progress during the term and will take up special studies in this line of work in the spring.

The new maps and globes have proven a valuable addition to the school apparatus and geography classes, as they have become very proficient in map-drawing since their introduction.

The school has at all times the hearty co-operation of our efficient Board of Trustees, and that they have our success very much at heart is very apparent, but a plain demonstration of the fact was given last week by their purchasing a complete series of Grammatical and Mathematical Charts from the C. E. Meisse Company, of Columbus, Ohio. ATTYE.

It is probable that human ears had never heard a song so full of sweet melody and so freighted with possible good as that sung by the angels on the first Christmas Eve. Who can sing sweeter than angels? And what sentiment surpasses that of "Glory to God" and "Peace on Earth?" If mortals could perfectly weave these sentiments into character, each life would be a psalm of sweeter music than that sung by these angels. This indeed is the meaning of the song, and of the remarkable child, and of Christmas. Where, also, on our green earth, is there a spot more worthy to be the birthplace of such a babe than Bethlehem in Judea? This quiet village hangs upon the crescent hillside like a bird's nest among leaves, and the circling hills form a natural cradle, sheltered from the winds, and focusing the sun's December rays. On almost any winter night you can stand upon their oriental housetops and see the moonlight flooding this cradle valley with its silvery halo, and watch the shepherds now, as of old, tending their flocks of sheep and goats, and, so real is the scene, that you can almost hear again the angel song, and fancy that hope is dawning anew on a weary world as the morning dawn rises over the Moab uplands eastward. The setting of these sacred hills is not unworthy of the jewel it bore.

Now, for eighteen centuries, once a year, at least, men have turned their thoughts toward the sacred village, the sun and the manger, and, like the wise men of the East, have laid their gifts and homage at the feet of this newborn babe.

Christmas day is the best of all our holidays. There is more meaning in it than in any other we celebrate. It is cheeriest and has the most reason to be so. It is by emphasis a day of the heart and of the home. Motherhood and babehood, and home and hope, are its touches of nature that make the whole world kin. What is holier than motherhood? It subdues the warring race of man into brotherhood by its tender memories of years long gone and its tenderer ministering of years now present. And what is sweeter than babehood? Artists have painted this Christ-babe as the perfection of all babe loveliness. The babe of the Sistine Madonna expresses our thought of what the Babe of Bethlehem was, and who does not love a babe? With a babe and a mother we have home and childhood. Nazareth, like Bethlehem, is a garden among the hills, and here was the home and childhood of Christ. Here yet Mary's fountain flows from the rock and the women water-carriers, erect and in single file, bear the graceful water jars upon their shoulders. The stone dwellings and simple furniture are as of old.

It was in a manger at birth and a humble dwelling through childhood that the divine-human babe was introduced to a life that has brought hope and cheer to multitudes.

Thus Christmas speaks to man through some of the dearest relationships he sustains, and the words it speaks are that all men should live for the glory of God and for peace among men.

Christmas is well celebrated in song, after the example of the first celebration. Music is the language of joy. Heart joy speaks in the soft murmuring music of the soul when no ear is near; home joy finds expression in the chorus of mingled voices around the hearthstone; a nation's joy breaks forth in martial hymns or peans of liberty; universal joy demands angelic harmonies. Once the stars sang together for joy and the trees of the fields clapped their hands, and once angelic messengers sang a Christmas anthem of universal peace.

Christmas is well celebrated with gifts. When Heaven gives so royally to men, men may well give to each other. How rich in self-forgetfulness and how beautiful in service was that life which Christmas celebrates. Santa Claus with his loaded pack has stood the criticism of the years largely because of the spirit of giving which he represents—Christmas gifts and Christmas songs. GILBERT FREDERICK.

BEFORE TOMMY AWAKES.

Rat—There's one little boy that won't suffer from eating too much before breakfast.—N. Y. Herald.

A Dissatisfied Boy.

Mr. Hojack—Surely, Johnny, you are not crying with all those Christmas presents that Santa Claus has brought you?

Johnny (between sobs)—There isn't (boo-hoo!) anything to make a (boo-hoo!) noise with.—Harper's Bazar.

A GOOD RESOLUTION BROKEN.

No, he is not saying his prayers. He is only swearing. He swore off on New Year's Eve from profanity, but next morning he lost his collar button and then he swore a blue streak.—Texas Siftings.

A New Year's Warning.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bottle full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to twitter,
And the man who gave the order
Took the pledge, and bought a fritter.
—Puck.

Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1893.

TWO ANGELS.

BY SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

Angel of the parting year,
  Winging back to Heaven thy flight,
Sad the burden thou must bear
  From the darkness into light;
Burden of my wasted days,
  Fragments of my broken hours,
Budding promises that grew
  Never into fruit or flowers;

Happiness I might have won,
  Worthy deeds I might have wrought,
Wrongs I hate, but did not shun,
  Good I crave, but never sought;
All my proud and lofty aims,
  Withered now to vain regret—
Feeble, foolish, as the will
  To no noble purpose set.

Take them all, my griefs, my joys,
  Lay them at the Father's feet;
He will search if yet there be
  'Mid the chaff some grain of wheat.
He will fan my faint resolves
  To a purer flame and clear.
Bear to Heaven my heart's desire,
  Angel of the parting year!

Angel of the coming year,
  Though thy face is veiled, I see,
By the glory round thee shed,
  Thou hast some good gift for me.
Is it gold, or power, or fame?
  Perfect peace from toil or care?
Or some sweeter, greater bliss
  I had never hoped to share?

Nay, I know 'tis none of these;
  Still I walk my narrow ways;
Still does lowly labor fill
  All the measure of my days;
This the treasure thou has brought,
  Prized in every age and clime,
Life no greater boon can crave—
  God's most precious gift of Time.

Time to shape my common cares
  Into duties high and sweet;
Time to learn that patience smooths
  All rough ways for tired feet;
Time to scatter here and there,
  By the wayside, love's small seed,
Knowing lowliest hands may oft
  Minister to highest need.

So may each day be a cup
  With life's sweetest flavors fraught;
Every hour a shining pearl
  Strung on golden threads of thought;
Every moment a bright flower
  Shedding perfume far and near.
Lend thy grace to make it so,
  Angel of the coming year!
—Congregationalist.

THEIR NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

"I say, Jimmy Oliver, you've been dare long enough; come away and let me have er smell."—Brooklyn Life.

A Much-Needed Article.

The young man was sitting at the club window cogitating.

"Hello," said his friend coming in, "what are you thinking about?"

"A few good resolutions I have made for the New Year."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Break them, I suppose."

"Why do you do that?"

"Blamed if I know. I've been in the resolution manufacturing business for years, turning out the very best brand I could, but all in vain; they won't stand the test. I wonder if it would be any use to offer a reward for a patent resolution warranted not to break?"—Detroit Free Press.

WHY HE WAS HAPPY.

Oh, see the man! Why does the man dance and look so happy? The man dances and looks so happy because his wife forgot to buy him a useless New Year's present out of his hard-earned gold. Happy man!—Judge.

New Year's Day in the Dime Museum.

"A happy New Year to you," said the Living Skeleton to the Fat Woman; "and may your shadow never grow less."

"I wish you a happy New Year, too," was the reply; "and what you fall off in flesh may you make up in salary."

Appropriate.

Wool—Having New Year's come right after Christmas is a mighty good scheme.

Miss Van Pelt—Why?

Wool—Oh, it's so much easier to be good when you're broke.—Jury.

How Not to Break Resolutions.

Ah, glorious resolution—
  Would you know how not to break it?
Oh, friends and fellow citizens,
  The way is not to make it.
—Detroit Free Press.

On Time, Anyhow.

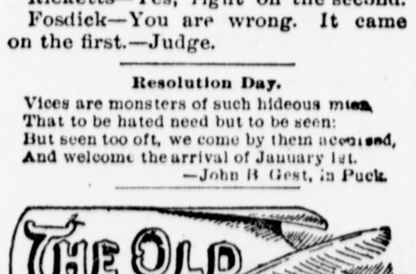
Fosdick—Well, the New Year arrived on time.

Ricketts—Yes; right on the second.

Fosdick—You are wrong. It came on the first.—Judge.

Resolution Day.

Vices are monsters of such hideous mien,
That to be hated need but to be seen:
But seen too oft, we come by them accursed,
And welcome the arrival of January 1st.
—John B Gest, in Puck.



History has set the last word on the scroll, has rolled it and sealed it, and Time places it among the myriad other mysterious records which fill his treasure-house. The year has gone, or rather let us say, the year has become our own forever; no mutation nor accident can take from us its days and hours. Looking back at this season over the centuries of the world's history, we see ourselves the crown and glory of them all, at the apex of human greatness. That for which the dreamers yearned in the dim old times, when men were "girt with doubtful light," has become a reality, that for which the great of earth prayed, when ignorance and brutality reigned supreme, stands glorious and permanent in the sunlight of the smile of the Creator. The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God are recognized as great facts all over the earth to-day.

A retrospect fills us with awe and wonder at the mighty forces, the Omnipotent Power that have led the world along, through paths dark and bloody, through fiery trials and conflicts, to the glad Present and the hill-top of Hope, from which we may view the Beulah land of the glorious future. In the immutable purpose running throughout the warp and woof of human history, we see the sign of the Divine hand upon all nations. Throughout all the ages, up to this very hour when we stand upon the verge of a new year and a new epoch, man's errors have never been able to thwart that purpose, though they have made suffering a necessity in the purification of human ideals.

Our own nation has become the heir of the world's noblest heritage both spiritual and material. Every new year has marked a stride forward of liberty under law, of culture and prosperity. But little more than a century ago, the patriots of our land looked forward to the new year with doubt and almost despair. Foes were on every side, ready to invade and desecrate the home of freedom, which was then comprised in a narrow strip of thinly settled country on the shores of our eastern ocean. To-day the temple of liberty is arched by skies stretching from ocean to ocean, and it is filled with the fairest trophies of man's endeavor. Art, science, literature and religion have been revivified by the breath of the republic, which, like the Hercules of the fable, has strangled the lion of tyranny, has performed the labors deemed impossible, and reigns the ideal of government in every land, a vital force in the world, a center of impulse and aspiration.

A runner must pause to take breath, a bird's flight cannot be straight upward or its wings will weary, and now and again fate lays her hand upon nations that they may pause to view whence they have come and whither they go. The year just past has witnessed such a halt in our own career of material prosperity. Though financial distress was widespread, and the wheels of commerce almost idle, though the palsy of inaction seized upon our legislators, even this pause in the race has made its contribution to our national greatness. The people of our country have seen with swelling hearts the patriotism of the leaders of the masses rising above all political and personal motives and the noble charity of the favored of fortune to the poor and unfortunate has quickened the fraternal spirit and softened class prejudice. Public and private beneficence has reached a height never before witnessed in any country, and the narrow lines of intolerance have been erased or dimmed by the chastening touch of adversity.

As individuals, the New Year opens to us boundless opportunities. If it bring sorrow, is not woe the fire that is to burn the dross from our souls? If it bring poverty, let us remember that there is an infinite side to it, and the poor have before them a world of hope and endeavor that is closed to those who must make no struggle against opposing forces. Riches may be its boon, but riches are precious only for their power of conferring happiness and enlightenment upon the world. Death may be its cup of healing, yet there is no death but the cessation of endeavor; and leaving this fair earth is no more death than merely living upon it is life.

False was the song of the poet who said that the New Year is a "Time for memory and for tears." For memory it is indeed a time, for the gleaned sheaves of the sweetness of past days is an imperishable possession, but tears, even though their waters surge over the fragments of shattered resolve and self-murdered hope, are vain and idle. Then let us give Time a benediction as he turns his glass, for he has mingled the bitter in our draught of life with sweet, and as the blithe New Year assumes the robe and crown shout with earnest hearts: "Le roi est mort, vive le roi."

The Opening Wedge.

Miss Pinkerly—Have you made any New Year's resolution, Mr. Tutter?

Tutter—Yes, Miss Pinkerly. I have solemnly resolved not to be so bashful.

Miss Pinkerly—How nice! By the way, have you seen the arm-chair papa gave me for Christmas? It's big enough for two.—Truth.

At 11:30 P. M.

George—Well, the old year will soon be going out.

Ethel—Yes; a splendid custom, isn't it? Why don't you follow the example?—Truth.

The Rose and the Thorn.

It's nice to hear the joyous chimes
  The bells on New Year's ring;
Unless, of course, you catch betimes
  A cold that lasts till spring.

Not one minute elapses between the taking of One Minute Cough Cure and relief. Why shouldn't people take One Minute Cough Cure? They should. They do. L. B. Bean.

HE.

He was single and singular. Most women would have called him fine looking if it had not been for his nose. He told Cupid privately that his nose had always stood in his way, and no wonder.

It was so long drawn out, so startlingly high as to bridge, but apparently perfect as to draught.

Patiently had this nose stood guard below two kind but bashful blue eyes, and sniffed the breezes of fifty summers and winters of single blessedness.

Cupid was his cat, and he also owned a comfortable looking little fat brown earthen teapot.

Cupid ate from his master's hand the leavings of his bachelor board, while he sought comfort by drinking all but the leaves in the little earthen teapot.

He ended each meal by tipping it up and draining the last drop from its spout.

Cupid always watched this impolite performance with a meditative, wonder-if-that's-good air.

After tea he and Cupid used to sit by the window and watch for *her* across the way.

SHE.

She was not "fat, fair and forty," for the single woman who is forty is yet to be born.

Besides being femininely dark as to age and complexion, she was plump and spry, neat as a new pin, and cheery.

As she sewed or mended in the evenings, her shadow was thrown on the window shade.

That was what he and Cupid watched for across the narrow way.

HIS MUSINGS.

There, she's lighting her lamp, Cupid—going to mend her stockings to-night. I can see her slip her hand into it and hold it up to the light. A neat little foot she must have, too, Cupid.

See there! will you? Done, by Jove! with neatness and dispatch.

Now what? O, I see—going out, and alone too. 'Demned shame, Cupid! Eh? Wants to go—of course she does—they all do, Cupid. There she comes to fasten her gloves by the light. A neat fit on that jacket—lucky for us old fellows that she comes between the lamp and the window shade.

Now what is she doing? Putting—no "fixing" her bangs as only a woman can, Cupid—a little, just a little old for bangs. Eh, Cupid? But they'll all do it, even if it does give 'em a "mutton-dressed-as-lamb" look, God bless 'em! Now she's turning down the light.

The shadow grows dimmer—going, going, gone, Cupid. Well, we will smoke our pipe and think. What do you say, pardner?

For answer, Cupid jumped upon his shoulder.

Then he lit his pipe and was so busy thinking and smoking that he forgot to pull down the window shade.

When his pipe was smoked out, he sat on thinking and mechanically stroking Cupid.

At last he arose and glanced out of the window in the direction of his cheery little neighbor.

To his surprise he saw her hastily leave her window and lower the shade.

He whistled softly and said: "Do you think, Cupid, that she has been looking at us, that is, at you, Cupid?" and he smiled again.

HER MUSINGS.

He looks as if he might be nice. But such a nose!

"Such a nose!" croaked her parrot from her ring in the corner. She laughed and held out a finger and the parrot was soon perched on it.

Had he across the way only known it, this parrot was the gift of a rejected lover. She had at once dubbed the parrot Company. Then she kept her in the dark and drilled her on one significant sentence.

When the ex-lover called to see how she took his gift the parrot called out: "Two's company, two's company, three's a crowd," while she looked innocent and smiled. So the parrot got her queer name and the ex-lover got his answer. But to return to her musings:

"Hm! His nose and his neckties explain his being single. The neckties could be remedied (here she smiled mischievously and blushed), the nose, well, that couldn't. Well, he looks as if he was lonesome trying to keep house alone. I suppose every room needs a good thorough sweeping and dusting. Men don't know how to keep house, do they, Company?

"Never! Never out!" croaked the parrot, somewhat irrelevantly, from her schoolboy lore.

She laughed. "Yes, but it's 'Never in!' not 'Never out' with some men. Well, I feel sorry for him some way. I hope he didn't see me peeping at him."

HE.

But he had, and had plucked up courage at the sight. His opportunity came. He seized it and her umbrella at the same time. It was a snowy, blowy day in winter. She was coming home with her arms full of packages. The wind caught her umbrella as she reached her doorstep and turned it wrong side out. He was watching her from his window.

He heard a faint "O, dear!" gave a jerk to his necktie, forgot to be conscious of his nose for once, and with Cupid at his heels, and another Cupid tickling his heart-strings, rushed bareheaded across the narrow way.

He seized her umbrella and turned it quickly and skillfully in the opposite direction that it was right side out before she could say Jack Robinson, if that had been his name.

Instead she blushed and thanked him prettily, while he stood bareheaded but triumphant in the falling snow and gazed admiringly, not at the umbrella exactly. Then she (accidentally, of course) dropped one of her packages.

Said he: "Let me help you into the house. You have too much to carry alone."

So she opened the door and he, she, Cupid, the umbrella and packages disappeared inside.

HE, SHE, CUPID AND COMPANY.

New Year's day, 1894, dawned brightly in the street where he and she lived. In the window of her house there was a For Rent sign.

But dainty muslin curtains were up at his windows and the sun looked in at a happy group.

He sat before the cheerful grate fire in the little parlor that had been touched and transformed by a woman's deft fingers.

She sat in his lap, and adjusted to her fancy a new necktie she had suddenly produced from behind her.

Cupid, resplendent in a red leather collar, dozed on the cushioned window-seat in the sunshine, and purred contentedly at the new order of things.

He and she were laughing at Company swinging in her ring at the other window.

For he had just said to her: "What a happy New Year this will be for you and me—for Cupid and for Company."

But at the sound of her name Company had promptly croaked: "I doubt it! I doubt it! *Two's* company! *Two's* company."

Then he and she laughed and their laugh had a Many-Happy-New-Year's ring to it that augured well in these panicy times for the firm of He, She, Cupid & Co., in spite of Company's croaking.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE

"HOW pleased Maria will be," chuckled Mr. Piffkins, making his toilet on the morning of the 1st of January, "and how surprised. This is the first New Year's day in ten years that she hasn't quarreled with me about giving up tobacco, and now I've done it of my own accord."

It was customary with the Piffkins to exchange New Year's gifts and not to make the presentation until after breakfast. Therefore, when Mr. Piffkins entered the dining-room, Mr. Piffkins was apparently unconscious that he carried a bulky parcel, while he in turn was quite unaware that a small, queer-shaped package lay beside his wife's plate.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Piffkins, as he set down his coffee cup and rolled up his napkin, "during our married life there has been only one serious cause for contention—well, perhaps two—but no matter. I intend to remove that cause."

"I have also determined to turn over a new leaf, as you will presently see," and she nodded mysteriously toward the queer-shaped package.

"I have resolved during the coming year to discontinue the use of tobacco." And he awaited the burst of delighted surprise to follow.

Mrs. Piffkins turned pale, doubtless with joy, replying tremulously: "I cannot accept this sacrifice; but I have resolved to yield to your entreaties, abandon society and devote myself in future to my home."

"Say no more, Maria, I have hitherto preferred to remain at home in order that I might smoke, but—"

"No, Silas, it is I who—"

"In token of reformation I have purchased with money I would have squandered on the weed the silk evening dress you so desired."

"And I," cried Mrs. Piffkins, "have also prepared a surprise for you. With the money I had saved to give a reception I have bought you a—a meerschaum pipe!"

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Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.

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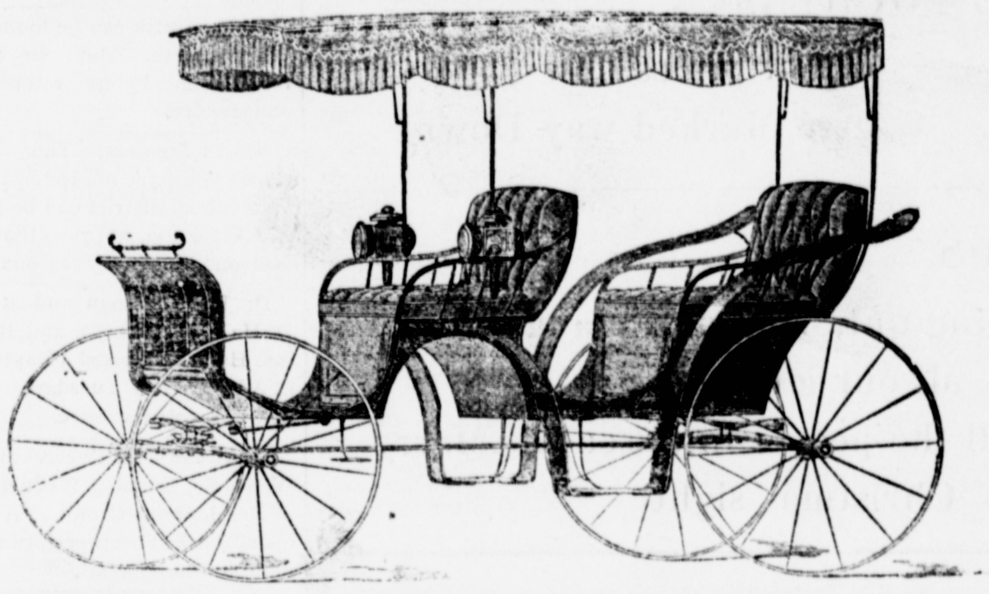

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